

# The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 44. NO. 45

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1911.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## LUMBER

Having secured the services of Mr. Robert Beardsley am prepared to furnish either dressed or rough lumber, in any form; square stuff, boards, shingles, sawed in any form or quantity desired by purchaser, of either straight white oak, mixed oak, poplar or chestnut. Mill on Fox Park Farm, three miles north of Middletown.

**JOHN P. COCHRAN, JR., AGENT**  
Middletown, Del.  
OR AT THE MILL

## S. E. MASSEY,

DEALER IN  
WATCHES,  
CLOCKS,  
JEWELRY,  
SILVERWARE.

Also a Large Stock of

Cut Glass

Howard Watches

Gillette Razors

Repairing and

Silversmithing

a Specialty.

We also handle the

WATERMAN'S IDEAL

FOUNTAIN PEN.

etc.

## The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—AT—

Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware

—BY—

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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., NOV. 11, 1911

### PRINTER'S INK VS. WRONGS

The sovereign quality of printer's ink when truthfully used in a public cause, was never more plainly shown than in the case of the Middletown people vs. the Delaware Railroad Company. Months ago THE TRANSCRIPT entered upon a campaign against long standing abuses and denials of right and decency upon the part of the railroad company. It turned the light on a number of wholly indefensible outrages from which the citizens of this town and vicinity had suffered for so many years that one might almost use the quaint phrase of the old law books and say, so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It denounced those outrages, called a spade a spade, and kept at it until out of very shame the railroad company was coerced into abating them.

For many years, the company's engineers by refusing to break their trains at this much strengthened Main street crossing, held the entire traveling public up for periods of time even reaching a whole hour.

Again, for years, women and children were exposed to the wintry elements in the company's cold, open structure on the south bound track, appropriately dubbed by THE TRANSCRIPT, "The Pneumonia Waiting Shed."

Again, it kept, year after year, the depot waiting room looking like an old barn and the seats therein as dirty as the walls themselves; refused to provide drinking water for travelers; refused to use their steam heating plant after installing it; let the facings of the platform stay rotten, crumbling and dangerous; left the south side platform without sufficient lighting to insure safety; and permitted the crossing over their tracks to remain for a generation a quagmire nuisance in wet weather.

All these things are now remedied, thanks to THE TRANSCRIPT's persistent war upon them all which has aroused a public sentiment demanding it. But there remain several more great public inconveniences sorely in need of abating. First there should be an underground way across the tracks, for since for their own convenience the company has built their track fence, great numbers of passengers south bound are forced to miss their train because of another train obstructing the track; and passengers arriving must wait for the train to pull out; and since the gate is kept locked, access to the freight office is made very inconvenient.

But even more needed, is a watchman to operate at night the safety gates that guard this perilous crossing—more used than any in the State outside of Wilmington. Lack of this night watchman came within a hair of causing a few weeks ago a four-fold tragedy.

Must the company await the stimulus of a costly damage suit for killing some traveler, like the New York Central whose directors brutally resolved that it would be cheaper to pay for killing a lot of people than to install an electric motor through the New York City tunnel, where they finally slaughtered scores of passengers at a cost in damages of over a million dollars? The company cannot use even this plausible excuse since a single killing would prove more costly than the gate's maintenance for a life time.

**THE ELECTIONS' MEANING**  
In last Tuesday's elections many corrupt bosses found their Waterloo. The long outraged people, irrespective of party affiliations, smote them hip and thigh. In Philadelphia, the Republicans, aided for once by an honest Democracy, smashed the Penrose McNichol machine; in Maryland, the Democrats rebuked their corrupt machine by defeating Gorman for governor; in Ohio, despite Taft's formal endorsement, Boss Cox of Cincinnati went down to inglorious defeat; the malodorous Lorimer was beaten in Chicago; Tammany's year of misrule rebuked and New York State redeemed; and Boss Lodge of Massachusetts the apostle of a yet higher tariff, overwhelmed. Splendid deeds for one day.

In Philadelphia that Blankenburg should be elected mayor by a majority of 5000 votes, overturning, despite all the unscrupulous tactics of a long entrenched and powerful ring, a previous majority of 75,000 the other way, is nothing short of marvelous.

There is no doubt that more of the Keystone reform candidates besides himself and Solicitor Ryan were elected; but the judges always refuse to allow the ballot boxes to be opened no matter how clear the evidence of fraud. In the eyes of the Pennsylvania judiciary there is nothing so sacred as a gang-stuffed ballot box; they esteem it indeed, the very palladium of their liberties.

Everywhere the people are taking steps in their own hands to make things better, for they had so long

through sloth and neglect, allowed to be stolen from them. Out of the seeming inconsistencies of the results, one great fact clearly shows—it was a victory for the Progressive spirit—for clean honest government in city and state, regardless of party lines.

### PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

### STOCK OF GROCERIES

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction,

On Friday, NOVEMBER 17th, 1911

At 2 o'clock, P.M.,

At the store of Mrs. Sophia Custer, on

the corner of Main Street and Second Street, in Middletown, Delaware.

Her stock consists of a large quantity of such articles as are usually kept in a grocery store. Also a large refrigerator, a meat block, meat rack, paper rack and lot of butchers' tools and many other articles too numerous to mention.

MARTIN B. BURRIS, Trustee

1000 Pieces of Music 5c each

For Sale Cheap!

Ten second hand York Carriages, some

almost as good as new; One Double York

Carriage; Two Milk Deerborns; One Hay

Press; one 6 hole Corn Sheller.

F. DUGGAN,

Odessa, Del.

All flavors, packed in bulk or in

trunks, hotel or family use, wed-

dings, banquets or picnic outings.

Quality guaranteed the best.

Immediate attention to every order.

Write, telephone or telegraph.

Middleton Farms

Middleton, Del.

Pure Dairy Products

ICE CREAM

FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

All flavor, packed in bulk or in

trunks, hotel or family use, wed-

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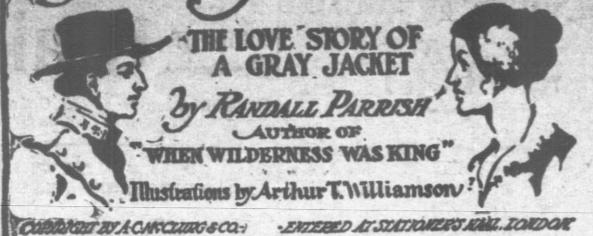
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ICE CREAM

FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

All flavor,

# My Lady of the North



THE LOVE STORY OF  
A GRAY JACKET

By RANDALL PARISH  
AUTHOR OF  
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

ENDED AT SATURDAY EVENING

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Bungay Defends Her Hearthstone.

A hand pressing hard upon my arm brought back my scattered senses with a rush. It was Mrs. Brennan who stood there, her face whitened by anxiety, her eyes peering anxiously through the opening of the door.

"Surely those men are not soldiers, Captain Wayne!" she exclaimed. "They wear uniforms of both armies."

"No doubt they are guerrillas," I answered, drawing her back from where she might be seen in their approach. "We must find hiding if possible, for you shall never fall into such hands, Bungay!"

I turned toward where the Little giant had been sitting, but he was not to be seen. However, the sound of my voice aroused Maria to a full sense of our danger, nor was she a woman to hesitate in such emergency. With a single stride she crossed the narrow room, caught the white-faced hero

dropped the butt of his gun with a crash on the floor. "Where the deuce sneak, anyhow?"

"What do you want of him?"

"Want him to go 'long with us; we're hunting some parts, and need a guide. They tol' us up the road a bit, he knew every inch of these mountings."

There was a pause, as if Maria was endeavoring to decide as to the honesty of the speaker. Her final answer proved the mental survey had not proven satisfactory.

"Wal, I reckon," she said calmly, "as you uns 'll be more likely ter find him down 'bout Connerville."

"Then what's all these yere dirty dishes doing on the table?"

"Hed sum Yankee officers yere; they just rode on down thar trail as you uns cum up."

"Like hell!" ejaculated the fellow with complete loss of temper. "See hows old woman, we're too old birds to be caught with any such chaff. We'll take a look around the old shambles anyhow, and while we're at it you put something on the table for me and my mates to eat."

The voice and manner were rough, but I was impressed with a certain accent creeping into the man's speech bespeaking education. More, in spite of an apparent effort to make it so, his dialect was not that of those mountaineers.

Even as he uttered these last words, throwing them into a threat more in the tone than the language, I became aware of thin ray of light penetrating the seemingly dark room. In front of me, Maria dimly distinguished the outline of Bungay as he applied one eye to a small opening he had industriously made between the logs.

Grasping Mrs. Brennan firmly by the hand so that we should not become separated, I crept across the intervening blackness, and reached his side.

"Holy smoke, Cap," the little man muttered in suppressed excitement, as he realized my presence, "it's a goin' to be b'lll hot in thar mighty soon. Maria's steam is a risin'!"

He silently made room for me, and bending down so as to bring my eye upon a level with his, I managed to gain some slight glimpse of the scene within the cabin.

Mrs. Bungay stood with her back to the fireplace, an iron skillet firmly gripped in one hand. Her face was red with indignation, and through a look in her eyes, together with a look to her chin, which promised trouble. In front of her, carelessly resting on the table, his feet dangling in the air, was a sturdy-looking fellow of forty or so, with dark, straggling beard covering all the lower half of his face, and a weather-worn black hat pulled so low as almost to conceal his eyes. His attire was nondescript, as though he had patronized the junkshop of both armies. In his belt were thrust a revolver and a knife, while within easy reach of his hand a musket leaned against a chair. Two others of the party, younger men, but even more roughly dressed than their leader, were lounging between him and the door.

"It's me the fellows?" I asked. "Is that Red Lowrie?"

He shook his head.

"Never laid eyes on any of 'em afore, but ye bet they're a good crew. Reckon they're a part o' his crowd."

The man who posed as the leader of the party picked up the empty coffee-pot beside him and shook it. "Come, now, Mrs. Bungay," he commanded, "tell us we're hungry, so eat out some hoeecake and fill up this pot, unless you want to reckon with Red Lowrie."

"Do you know the fellows?" I asked.

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